the sacred bonds of relationship between man and man, community and communi y, race and race, country and country ; in which one song of praise and glory to the Supreme
Being goes forth from every soul, from every home, from every tribe, from every nation, from pole to pole, from east
to west, out of all hearts, through all voices, in all places, at
all times.

The-Rishis of the Upanishads foresaw a brotherhood on
earth in which all men should feel as members of one family
designed to dwell together in one love; in which the strong shall help the weak, those with plenty" shall share with those in
want, and the joyous shall sing into the ears of the sad and the victorious shall succour the struggling in life's battles;
a brotherhood in which with all barriers demolished, all fences
pulled down, all dividing lines wiped out, we shall all enter
into the holy presence of the Lord, into the Holy of Holies;
a brotherhood in which with every prejudice dispelled,
every passion subdued, every excess disciplined, respecting
where we scorned, fraternising where we antagonised, loving
where we hated, serving where we domineered, our creeds
liberalised, our denominations harmonised, our classes fused,
our nationalities leagued, our hearts replete with charity,
our souls rhythmic with hosanna, we shall prostrate ourselves
before the *Parabrakmam* of the Universe.
In this glorious spiritual brotherhood
visioned by the
Rishis, the vilest and least, the noblest and
most high, form
one family and sit side by side, the last often
becoming first,
the first last in loving justice to the claims of

all. Sickness,
sorrow, death, pain, poverty, more than
everything else,
sin, with its loathsome misery, in one
member of God's
house-hold should call forth the tenderest
sympathy and
demand instant cure. The fallen woman, is
hot the plague
spot of society but. the lowly creature we
must stretch forth
our hand to lift up. The wife is not the
caterer unto carna-
lities, but the companion soul, the co-
pilgrim, set to tread